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A PRIVY COUNCIL

A Comedy in One Act

BY
MAJOR W. P. DRURY
AND
RICHARD PRYCE

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A PRIVY COUNCIL.

Produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, 6th September, 1905.

Dramatis Personæ.

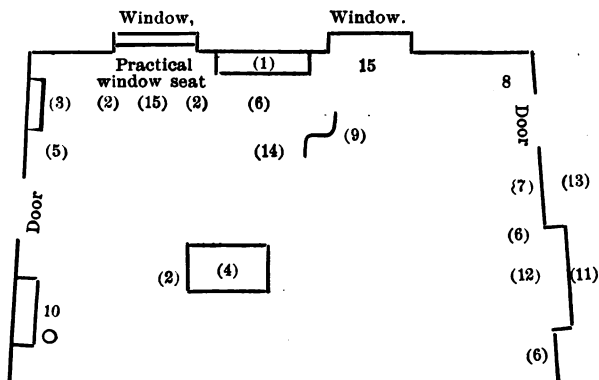
SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ., F. R. S.
(Secretary of the Admiralty).. Mr. Sydney Valentine.
SIR CHRISTOPHER MINGS (Vice-
Admiral of the White)..... Mr. Louis Goodrich.
SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW (of the
Maritime Regiment of Foot).. Mr. Arthur Kightley.
MRS. PEPYS..... Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones.
MERCER (her Maid and Kins-
woman)..... Miss Mona Harrison.
MARY (a Chambermaid)..... Miss Hilda Anthony.
MRS. KNIPP (of the King's Play-
house)..... Miss Alice Crawford.

Commanded at Sandringham on the King's birthday, 9th Nov.,
1905. Revived at the Haymarket, 24th March, 1906.

SCENE: Dining-room of Mr. Pepys' House in Seething Lane,
Crutched Friars. Period: About 1665.

Scene Plot.

Old London Street Backing.



PROPERTIES.

- (1) Double bookcase and mirror in centre.
- (2) Three high-backed single oak chairs.
- (3) Sideboard with table-cloth, four each of knives, forks and spoons ; carvers ; four plates, six Apostle spoons, six glasses, candelabra ; fruit ; claret bottle and cork ; tray.
- (4) Oblong table, 5×6×3 feet, with valise on, and Mrs. Pepys's dresses or cloaks to pack.
- (5) Arm-chair, high-backed oak, with high cushion for Mrs. Knipp.
- (6) High-backed arm-chair, oak.
- (7) Small writing table with Diary on, inkstand, pens and papers.
- (8) Small oak table.
- (9) Screen with wig hanging on and mirror fixed inside and make-up for change.
- (10) Spinet and stool.
- (11) Oil painting of Mrs. Pepys over mantel ; two candles on mantel.

- (12) Log fire, kerb hearth, skin rug. Candle extinguisher in corner.
 - (13) Capon on dish; quails on dish with cover; tansy (a sort of pie) and pasty off L. Cloak off L. Knocker.
 - (14) Pair of white shoes under arm-chair.
 - (15) Two pairs heavy dark red curtains.
Bell under step.
-

WORDS OF "BEAUTY RETIRE."

"Beauty retire, thou dost my pity move,
Believe my pity and then trust my love.
At first I thought her by our prophet sent
As a reward for valour's toils
More worth than all my father's spoils.
But now she is become my punishment.
But thou art just, O Pow'r divine,
With new and painful arts
Of studied war I break the hearts
Of half the world, and she breaks mine."

All the Costumes, Wigs, and Properties used in this Play may be hired cheaply from Messrs. O. H. Fox, Ltd., 27, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

A PRIVY COUNCIL.

SCENE.—*Dining-room of Mr. Pepys' House in Seething Lane, Crutched Friars. Period about 1665. The air of "Beauty Retire" is heard, and as the Curtain rises Mercer, singing as she works, is discovered folding a cloak and some travelling wraps, which she has presently to pack into a small valise.*

MARY (*coming in R.*). Hath the coach come?

MERCER. No.

MARY. Lord 'a mercy! Tom 'll taste his master's malacca for this or I don't know my lady. Half an hour gone.

MERCER (*seeing Mary looking about*). What is it now?

MARY (*looking about*). Her white shoes.

MERCER. Eh? There (*indicating arm-chair R. C.*) by the chair.

MARY. To be sure. Where she herself did put them.

MERCER (*examining them*). Mr. Pepys bought her those, I'll be bound—a peace offering for Heaven forbid we should ever know what!

MARY. Mistress Mercer!

MERCER. She hath a pretty foot, that I'll say for her; and her husband—who knows something of shapely feet—(*looking at her own*) a pretty taste in shoe leather.

MARY (*at the door*). Let her not hear you commend him.

MERCER (*laughing*). What!

MARY (*coming back*). Since the black horse cast a shoe she's in two minds to go. It's now she will and it's now she won't (*folding her hands and mimicking MRS. PEPYS,—crossing R. a little*). "If Mr. Pepys don't go," says she, "I don't." You're in pretty disgrace, Mistress Mercer. What have you done? Lord's sake, an you could hear her!

MERCER (*chuckling*). Mr. Pepys hath ventured to teach me a song, and I, if you please—Madam's waiting maid if her kinswoman—have ventured to learn it. 'Tis of his own composing. 'Tis called "Beauty Retire." (C.)

MARY. "Beauty Retire"?

MERCER. By which, an I read my gentleman rightly, he intendeth to bid Beauty advance. (*Coming down L. C. and dropping a curtsey.*)

MARY. Lord's sake, Mistress Mercer, how your tongue runs on!

MERCER. Oh, he's a merry gentleman. Have you ever seen the Diary?

MARY. The Diary?

MERCER (*fetching Diary from table by fireplace, L.*). Oh, if it were not writ in cypher what might we not learn! Mistress Pepys I'll vow would give her eyes to be able to read it. (*She takes it back to table L.*)

MARY (*crosses to door R.*) Tssh! Mistress Mercer. If she should hear you! It's touch and go, I tell you, whether she lies here to-night or at Barnet, and in this temper God send her to Barnet, I say.

(MERCER continues to laugh. MRS. PEPYS is heard calling "Mary, Mary.")

MARY. Coming, my lady.

MERCER. (*coming down to L. of table*). Jealous, is she, of me? I could make her jealous. It's not me, good Mary, if she knew, and it's not you, my fellow bondswoman. But I could tell (*hums*), oh, I could tell if I would. (*She dances back L.*)

MARY. Tell me, Mistress Mercer. Tell me quick.
(MRS. PEPYS is heard calling again, "Mary, my shoes.")

MERCER. H'm!

MARY. Coming, my lady. Quick, dear Mistress Mercer.

MERCER (*coming down to Mary and speaking low.*)
Mr. Pepys can't go with her to Barnet! 'Delayed by great press of business at the Navy Office!' Oh! Have you ever been into the Navy Office, Mary?

MARY. The Navy Office?

MERCER. Some people call it the King's Playhouse.

MARY. The King's Playhouse? And you think Mr. Pepys—

MERCER (*nods*). I know. Thrice to see Mistress Knipp in the last seven days. Oh, I saw her once, Mary—in doublet and hose, the veriest Cupid you ever set eyes on. Could I make Mistress Pepys jealous, think you? Could I? (*She dances over to L., turns and, as she hears MISTRESS PEPYS' voice, gets back to table again.*)

MRS. PEPYS (*without*). Mary!

MERCER (*as door opens R.*). Hsh! Here she comes. (MERCER, humming "*Beauty Retire*," under her breath, returns to her work, of folding the cloaks, etc.)

(MRS. PEPYS comes in R.)

MRS. P. Ten minutes by the clock to find a pair of shoes which lay under your nose! There, put them in there. (*Pointing to her room. Exit MARY.*) Shall I ever be started? (*crosses to fireplace L.*) Is that loitering footboy come yet with the coach?

MERCER (*crossing to the window, humming softly as she goes.*) I see no sign of him, Madam. (*Defentially, and coming down to MRS. PEPYS, to R. of her and almost C.*) Is it your purpose to lie to-night at the inn at Barnet village?

MRS. P. (*looking at her suspiciously*). No. At the house of my husband's kinsman, Mr. Roger Pepys.

MERCER (*as MRS. PEPYS looks ruffled*). I fear me,

Madam, that the country wenches may prove indifferent tire-women! I would I were to attend you. (*She smooths out dress, etc.*)

MRS. P. I had at least knowledge then of whom it was you *were* attending. This time, however, while I go abroad your duty lies at home. Look to it that you justify the trust I place in you.

MERCER (*most attentively, and going back to her packing at table, R. C.*) Madam, what would you have me do?

MRS. P. I'll tell thee. (*Sits in arm-chair by the fire.*) My husband durst not stir from town. Great press of business at the Navy Office—

MERCER (*with an audible chuckle*). The Navy Office?

MRS. P. Eh?

MERCER. Nothing, Madam. I but said The Navy Office!

MRS. P. (*still a little suspiciously—continuing*).—Oh! . . . Press of business, caused by the latest news of the Dutch, detains him. Much against his will. (*MERCER hums "Beauty Retire," quietly to herself.*) I must needs journey to Barnet alone. (*Turning sharply.*) What mean you by that?

MERCER. Nothing, Madam. I but hummed.

MRS. P. See then that you hum not to your master. He cannot endure noise.

MERCER. I will remember. (c.)

MRS. P. On you will rest the proper ordering of the household. After the labours of the Office—naught must be lacking to your master's ease and comfort.

MERCER. Indeed, Madam, you may trust me. I myself will distil his evening cup of China tea.

MRS. P. See then that you spoil it not in the making. (*Irritably.*) I do confess it passes my comprehension that so many people of quality should prefer this heathen concoction to home-brewed ale.

MERCER. Mr. Pepys, Madam, must be in the fashion.

MRS. P. Which reminds me: See to it that o' nights he changes his fine new camlett coat and best periwig for his second wig yonder (*indicating wig which hangs on screen*) and purple shag gown. 'Twould vex him mightily should the cares of office cause him to forget economy.

MERCER. I will remember. I myself will dust the keys of the new espinet. The book in which he writes so much o' nights shall be laid ready against his return.

(MERCER *crossing to the spinet begins to play* "*Beauty Retire.*")

MRS. P. Ay, the Diary, forget not the Diary, and (*looking across at her testily,*) it might not ill befit you to remember that with the *dusting* of the espinet your musical businesses cease.

MERCER (C.) Ah, Madam, the music runs in my poor head. It hath been rumoured, Madam, that "Beauty Advance"—what am I saying?—"Beauty Retire," as set by Mr. Pepys, is to be sung at the Navy Office itself—the King's Playhouse, I should have said, and by none other maybe than Mistress Knipp herself—

MRS. P. (*scornfully*). Mistress Knipp—Mistress Knipp—*that* sorry mummer—*that* brazen jade—who hath not mastered the rudiments of her calling, but looks to her bouncing ways and impudent effrontery to cover her want of skill! Sing—act? I had as soon hear a parrot do the one, see a flounder do the other.

MERCER. Oh, Madam, I had thought she was rated so highly!

MRS. P. Highly! (*rising excitedly.*) It is so that I would rate her had I my way. A forward hussy with an eye to every man in the pit.

MERCER. (C.) Ah, the better to portray the creature. In masculine rôles I have heard my master say she most excels, mimicking to the life, to deceive all.

MRS. P. Your master is no judge then. Mimic the

man—she with her shape! I should like to see her. She could not deceive me, I warrant you. Mr. Pepys admire her! As like admire you or Mary. If I thought that—If I thought—(*She begins to unbutton the travelling cloak which she had been putting on.*)

MERCER (*who at the allusion to herself and MARY has crossed over to the window in dudgeon—her pretty nose in the air*). Madam, the coach.

MRS. P. Mistress Knipp! Mistress Knipp indeed. If I thought that—

MERCER, (*changing her tone to one of solicitude, and coming down hurriedly L.*). I fear something ails you, Madam. What is it? Shall I fetch hartshorn?

MRS. P. No, no. The coach is there, you say?

MERCER. (*going up to window again as if to make sure*). Yes, Madam, and (*in a tone of surprise*) if this be not Mr. Pepys! Coming from Whitehall I doubt not—though (*innocently*) I had thought Whitehall was there! (*looking in the opposite direction*).

MRS. P. My husband?

MERCER. He is in time to speed you, Madam. Lord! to see how closely he hath caught the manner and carriage of the King.

MRS. P. What in Heaven's name hath befallen! He did not think, he told me, to return ere midnight at the earliest.

(*They listen. A sound of singing reaches them. The air, declaring itself as it approaches, is heard to be "Beauty Retire."*)

MRS. P. That song again!

(*The door opens L., and SAMUEL PEPYS enters—jauntily singing as he comes. He does not at once observe the presence of his wife, but MERCER, who has crossed over R., contrives to acquaint him of it—on which, his face falling, he comes to a standstill. MRS. PEPYS regards him with a curious, speculative air. Quickly recovering himself, however, PEPYS gives his hat and*

stick to MERCER, who places them on chair, L. C., and advances lightly to MRS. PEPYS.)

PEPYS. Elizabeth! I had feared to find you gone—a two good hours on the road to Barnet.

(MERCER retires up C. and waits respectfully).

MRS. P. A two good hours! Yes, and so I should have been had not the black horse cast a shoe and gone lame coming back from bearing *thee* to—Whitehall?

PEPYS. Lord! Dear, dear, and to think I bought them, the finest pair that ever I did see in my life—no longer ago than Monday se'night. It vexes me mightily, dear Heart.

(He goes up a few steps and gives his gloves to MERCER, C.; then returns to MRS. PEPYS.)

MRS. PEPYS. In truth you seem vexed.

PEPYS. I had thought——

MRS. P. To find me gone.

PEPYS. In our own coach and pair. It troubles me that you should come to my He-cousin Roger's in a hired hackney. Well, well, well, and I the first of all my family to keep his coach. It vexes me, Elizabeth. It vexes me.

MRS. P. I feared it. But *(significantly)* are the roads safe for travel now? De Ruyter and his Dutch are maybe in the river again—since you are home betimes and in such haste?

PEPYS. Nay, news has come this day, God be thanked, that the Dutch have been worsted by my Lord Sandwich, and are now got back to their own side of the North Sea.

MRS. P. Comfortable news, i' faith. Then *(going up to him)* wherefore home so soon?

PEPYS. The press of business being somewhat abated——

MRS. P. You're coming with me then?

PEPYS. (*taking her hand in both his own*) N-no. N-no. Not to-day. To-morrow I might follow—might, perhaps.

MRS. P. Why not to-day?

PEPYS. My—my eyes, you see—

MRS. P. I see them well.

PEPYS. Mighty weary. Weak—smarting so that I may scarce close them without pain—open them, rather. My physician, dear one, hath, you may remember, ever enjoined rest at such times—rest with closed curtains in my chamber.

MRS. P. A coach hath curtains.

PEPYS. I doubt there's time for packing my valise.

MERCER (*strapping the valise*). The coach is here.

PEPYS *putting* MRS. PEPYS'S *cloak about her once more*.) Ah, I must not hinder you, Elizabeth. Too long you've been delayed. I'll—I'll follow. To-morrow, say—to-morrow.

MRS. P. (*looking from him to MERCER, then past MERCER as if at an imaginary person beyond*). Well, if I must go alone—the sooner gone, as they say, the sooner back. Therefore I'd best go quickly.

PEPYS (*his face lifting as he takes her hand and leads her up, c.*) Best, dearest.

MRS. P. (*pointedly*). For it grows late.

PEPYS. I' faith it does. (*Solicitously*.) What caused this last delay—a lack of coaches!

MRS. P. Tom hath been gone this hour. Playing chuckfarthing, I'll be sworn, for which I pray you admonish him.

PEPYS. Please God I will, with my Malacca cane. (*MERCER hands him the valise*.) So then, if you are ready, I'll go, call Mary to attend you.

(*Exit L.*)

MRS. P. H'm—So I go. (*She sees MERCER*.) Do you now see to supper, nor fail (*significantly*) to keep in mind those other household matters in which I have instructed you. Fare you well.

MERCER (*opening door and curtseying*). I'll not forget, Madam.

(*Exit MRS. PEPYS L.*)

MERCER. Nor, I think, will you. Ha! ha! ha! A worthy lady and a tolerable mistress (*were one not her kinswoman*), yet—I do love her most when she's abroad. (*She runs to the window L. C. and looks out.*) Methinks Mr. Secretary, albeit a most faithful spouse, is mighty desirous to be rid of her! The haste with which he leads her to the coach! . . . and—Lord save us!—the wheels have not yet turned and he is back upon the stair already.

(*"Beauty Retire" is heard again. Enter PEPYS L. hurriedly and mysteriously. MERCER looks at him inquiringly, and with a whimsical expression. He turns and puts his finger on his lips.*)

PEPYS (*in a whisper*). The best damask cloth.

MERCER. Sir?

PEPYS (*nods and says*). Ssh!

(*MERCER fetches the cloth from the sideboard, they spread it together—MERCER at the right end of the table, PEPYS at the left—he admiring it as they do so.*)

PEPYS. The best damask cloth for which I did pay forty shillings. Forty shillings—which is much money.

(*As they spread it.*)

MERCER. Mr. Pepys must be in the fashion—cost it forty pounds.

PEPYS. Or forty kisses. (*He puts his arm about her waist and tries to kiss her.*)

MERCER. Sir! Sir! Your vow!

PEPYS. My vow? Ay, my vow! Twelve pence forfeit to the Poore's Box there, for every kiss of any but my wife. Twelve pence a kiss—after the first! (*He kisses her. Then, as he is about to kiss her again—*)

I must needs restrain myself. Costly things these vows. (*Coming down L.*) There's a capon for supper, girl, and a venison pasty and a dozen larded quails, and—and—

(MERCER, *laying the table, shakes her head*).

PEPYS. What say you?

MERCER. Not in the larder, sir, or it is *my* eyes that cannot see and need drawn blinds. Not in my mistress's larder.

PEPYS. Aha! Providence—(the Lord forgive me!)—will provide. Anon will come a messenger, and from his magic basket—

MERCER. Costly things these baskets!

PEPYS (*going up to L. of table*). Well—the truth is I do indulge myself a little the more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it, and that most men that do thrive in the world do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate, but reserve that till they have got one, when it is too late for them to enjoy it—(*About to kiss her—refraining*). Nay, too expensive! Hurry, girl, bestir thyself. Get the best silver and the Apostle spoons. (*He fetches wine, etc. MERCER brings from the sideboard plates, then a tray on which are glasses, knives, forks, etc.; then fruit, and then the Apostle spoons*).

MERCER (*half aside as she fetches the spoons*). I pray he be not sickening for the plague.

PEPYS. And while we sup let Tom and Susan see to things without; you wait on us within.

MERCER (*coming towards him c.* We? Us? I sup not then? (*She puts the spoons down with a rattle.*)

PEPYS. We'll see, we'll see. *He puts his arm round her*. What say you to burnt claret?

MERCER. What said Mistress Pepys when once I did not say nay to burnt claret?

PEPYS (*laughing*). Ah, but you danced for us. My wife, remember, doth not dance ill herself!

MERCER. Ay, but what said she?

PEPYS. And you sang for us. My wife, poor wretch, sings false. What said she? Nay, tis what said I? And what I said I say. (*Trying to kiss her.*) You are the veriest little—

MERCER (*holding him at arm's length*). Will you not change your fine camlett coat for your purple shag gown?

PEPYS. Purple shag gown, shag gown indeed! (*He lets her go*). My new velvet suit more like, with the scarlet trimmings! Had it but come from the tailor's—with my new gold-buttoned cloak. Had it but come in time—so—so very handsome, as I think, to supper. Nay, girl, no changing to-night. The company is hard upon my heels.

MERCER. The company? Does Providence provide that too, sir?

PEPYS (*at the table*). 'Twas but an hour since, at the Playhouse, that I did invite them.

(MERCER *smiles to herself*.)

MERCER. And how many extra trenchers shall I set?

PEPYS. Well, two or three at most. There is Sir Christopher Mings, the Admiral, and Sir William Killigrew, Colonel of the new made Regiment for the fleet, the most gallant pair of gentlemen that ever I did see—after the King and his brother—after the King, I say, and——

MERCER. And——

PEPYS. Well?

MERCER. That's two.

(PEPYS *looks at* MERCER. MERCER *looks at* PEPYS. *They both laugh*.)

PEPYS. Well, well, there is a third. A third? Call I her so who is the first wherever she may be?

MERCER. A merry lady—though indifferent pretty? Mistress—let me guess her—Mistress Knipp.

PEPYS. Of the King's Playhouse. Little witch (*his arm round her waist*)—how knew you?

MERCER. Aha, some say she cannot act.

PEPYS. I would bring such face to face with her. She'd mimic them to their very teeth.

MERCER. Some say she cannot mimic.

PEPYS. Cannot mimic? Beshrew me, she'd cheat the devil himself. But, you little witch, how guessed you? Had I not a vow I must have kissed you. I—I will.

MERCER (*eluding him*). Sir, my mistress—

PEPYS. Nay I love not my wife the less because one girl is a witch, and the acting of another makes me merry. (*He kisses her*).

Knock heard without).

MERCER. Sir, a knock. (*She runs up to window L. C.*)

PEPYS. 'Tis they. 'Tis Knipp's very self. I pray you tell me, Mercer, is not my periwig disordered? No? See you a button lacking?

MERCER. (*at window, laughing*). Nay, sir, 'tis but the capon and the larded quails.

PEPYS. Heaven be praised! I've time then to glance within the mirror. It vexes me about the velvet suit. And yet—and yet methinks *this* is as noble a coat as ever I did wear. (*He preens himself before the mirror*).

MERCER (*at window*). A coach has turned the angle of the lane—yet I think 'twill pass. Yes, yes—Nay—it hath stopped before this door. Two gentlemen alight—and, Lord! with Castlemaine's own manner—a lady.

PEPYS. *The lady.*

MERCER. The company is arrived, sir. (*She turns to him smiling; curtseys as she speaks, and exits L.*)

PEPYS. Most excellently timed. My wife, poor wretch, departed; the table set; myself (*turning from the mirror with a flourish*), myself very handsome to supper.

(*Laughter and animated conversation heard approaching without,*)

(*Enter MRS. KNIPP laughing, SIR CHRISTOPHER MINGS, and SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW, L.*)

MRS. KNIPP. Sir, your most obedient.

PEPYS (*bowing profoundly*). Madam—you, gentlemen, also, welcome to my poor house.

MRS. K. Sir William, a little more room. Sir Christopher, space, as you love me. (*Laughs again.*) Heaven be praised, Mr. Pepys, that I have gained the shelter of this poor house, as you are pleased to call it, and with no worse misfortune than a disordered brain!

KILLIGREW (*who has a mincing voice*). Why, Madam, I do assure you, you were as safe with us—as——(*L. of her, bowing.*)

MINGS (*who has a big gruff voice*).—As a merchant brig with a convoy on either beam. (*R. of her, throwing his arms wide.*)

MRS. KNIPP (*coming down and taking off her gloves, which she throws to them, and which they catch as they follow her.*) I know nothing of brigs or convoys, but this I do know. Nevermore, 'tis certain, will I adventure myself in a coach with sea officers.

PEPYS. Madam, I trust these gentlemen——

MRS. KNIPP. I' faith that's more than I do!

PEPYS. Madam, I mean, I hope——

MRS. KNIPP. Sir, these gentlemen are in all respects worthy servants of their merry King. (*All laugh.*)

KILLI (*L. of her*). She takes us back into favour, Mings.

MINGS (*R. of her and trying to kiss her hand*). She pardons us. Haw. Queen's pardon.

(*KILLIGREW tries to kiss her other hand.*)

MRS. KNIPP. Get along, Sir Christopher. Go away, Sir William.

KILLI. Angel.

MINGS. Divinity.

MRS. KNIPP. A truce, both of you. Here you (*to*

SIR W. KILLIGREW), and you (to SIR C. MINGS), my cloak!

(They stumble over each other in their eagerness to relieve her of her cloak, each trying to wrest it from the other.)

There, there, fight not for it. I have no wish having come in one cloak to return in two. Softly, gentlemen, softly. But *(looking round)*, Mistress Pepys? *(Solicitously, but with a twinkle)*. I trust she is well? *(She comes down C.)*

(The two officers, regaining their composure, hang the cloak over the screen L. C. then put their hats and swords on small table up L.)

PEPYS. It vexes me mightily that at such a time my wife should be gone into the country upon a family affair.

MRS. KNIPP *(to PEPYS)*. And Mistress Pepys, is she as vexed? *(All laugh)*. In truth I do not envy her. For the country is ever dull, and dulness is an affliction as intolerable as the plague.

PEPYS *(elaborately)*. Then for to-night at least I trust you will be as safe from the one as from the other. *(He kisses her hand)*.

MINGS. Who can doubt it?

KILLI. *(bowing to her)*. Mistress Knipp and dulness have never yet, so rumour hath it, been found together in the same company.

MRS. KNIPP *(who is patting her skirts and arranging her ribbons and laces)*. Then rumour is either a more lying jade than I thought, or else—

KILLI. }
MINGS. } Or else, Madam?

MRS. KNIPP. She failed to peep on a late occasion within a certain hackney coach!

(MRS. KNIPP dances over down R. At the same moment MERCER enters L. with the capon, and puts it at the R. end of the table. She is followed by MARY with the pasty

and the tanzy, which she places side by side at the L. end. Exeunt MERCER and MARY L.)

PEPYS (*laughing at the discomfiture of KILLIGREW and MINGS*). What I feared. But I marvel, gentlemen, I marvel. I am bold enough to wish I had ridden with you, Madam.

(MRS. KNIPP, *pirouetting on her heel, turns to the supper table, which she surveys.*)

MRS. KNIPP (*R. at end of table.*) A capon, a capon! My soul loveth a capon. Grapes, peaches—a pasty!

PEPYS (*to her*). A venison pasty.

MRS. KNIPP. A tanzy! A tanzy!

PEPYS (*tenderly*). You like a tanzy?

MRS. KNIPP. Dote on it. But what wait we? What with the capon (MERCER *enters L. with a dish—the quails*) and the pasty and the tanzy, I vow and protest I am of such an appetite that—(*raising the cover as the dish passes her.*)—Larded quails as I hope for heaven. Larded quails! Oh, to supper, gentlemen, to supper!

PEPYS. Sir Christopher, a chair.

(MINGS and KILLIGREW both rush to get chair for her.

MINGS *brings an arm-chair from R. which he places at back of table R., she takes that. KILLIGREW gets chair from back and places it next KNIPP, on her left, for PEPYS, then another for himself which he places at L. end, facing MINGS, who sits at R. end.*)

MRS. KNIPP (*as she takes her place*). No more ado, or I'll not answer for the consequences. Hunger, they say, makes even the backward bold.

MINGS. I'll vow you were not hungry in the hackney!

KILLIGREW. I'll vow that *I* was!

PEPYS. Nay, grant that we be not over-backward nor yet over-bold!

(*They take their seats at the table.*)

MINGS. Ah. (*Apostrophising the capon.*) Noble bird! Royal fare, Mr. Pepys. Ho ho, ho! I know a tale of capons. Ho, ho, ho! A lady in the tale—a certain royal personage——

(*MERCER enters, goes to sideboard and getting wine, helps all to it, starting with KILLIGREW. MINGS, carving the capon as he speaks, helps MRS. KNIPP first, then himself. KILLIGREW with the venison pasty helps PEPYS first, then himself.*)

MRS. KNIPP. Peace, sir. A plague upon your tales. I know them——

MINGS. What, though you will not hear! Ho, ho, ho! Who is it knows, Madam, and will not know? Ho, ho, ho!

PEPYS. The lady, methinks, knows you, sir.

MINGS. Ho, ho, ho! Nay, listen. When a certain pretty lady, who shall be nameless——

MRS. KNIPP. I'll none of her. I'm for a larded quail.

MINGS. Nay, but listen——

(*PEPYS helps her.*)

MRS. KNIPP. I never give an ear to such things——

MINGS. But Madam——

MRS. KNIPP. Moreover I've no blushes, sir, to waste, nor do I know to whom your tale makes reference, added to which you *have the story wrong!*

(*All laugh. Oh, oh, oh!*)

MRS. KNIPP. (*to PEPYS in much haste.*) A little of that sauce, sir, if you love me!

PEPYS (*to MERCER*). Wine. (*To MRS. K.*) Wine, Mistress Knipp, to make glad the heart—like oil, to make us of a cheerful countenance. (*Fills her glass.*) Ah, had I not a vow to drink no wine till Whitsun, it is to your cheerful countenance I would drink. So

would I, and so, by Heaven, will I. Yes, I will!
(*Drinks to her*).

(*MERCER coughs gently, her eyebrows whimsically raised.*)

Eh? (*To MERCER*). Eh? (*Coughs*).

KILLI. You filled too full, sir.

MINGS. You drank too deep, sir.

PEPYS (*To MRS. K*). I love too well, ma'am.

(*MERCER puts the claret jug on the table, and exit L.*)

MRS. K (*raising her glass*). To her you love, sir.

KILLI. To her? To which?

MINGS (*bawling*). To all he loves. To *all*. To Susan, Jane and Poll.

KILLI. To Kate, to Anne, to Moll.

PEPYS (*protesting, but inwardly flattered*). Nay, gentlemen, nay.

KILLI. (*chanting*). To A, to B, to C, to D.

MINGS (*singing and rocking in his chair*). To E, to F, and eke to G!

MRS. KNIPP (*pretending to be annoyed puts down her glass and leans back in her chair*). Eh, sirs. An I be on a string like a bead amongst beads, I be not at all. (*The others all turn to her with "Nay, Madams". She takes up her glass again and breaks into a smile*). I amend my toast. To the absent. (*With a glance at PEPYS from the tail of a roguish eye*). To the mistress of his heart and hand and house—who should be here, methinks. Gentlemen, (*rising*) to Mistress Pepys.

(*All rise and drink*).

MINGS.

KILLI.

MRS. KNIPP.

} To Mistress Pepys!

PEPYS (*A moment behind the rest*). To Mistress Pepys.

KILLI. The wine is good.

MINGS. The wine is passing good.

(*All resume their seats except PEPYS*).

PEPYS. It is not ill—not ill. (*Holding his glass to his nose*). A fragrance (*smelling*), a savour (*tasting*), a flavour (*drinking*). To—to Wine and a plague upon vows. (*Drinks*).

MRS. KNIPP. To wine indeed!

PEPYS. To Woman, then. To Woman in all her moods, to Wondrous Woman, Winsome Woman, Wayward Woman.

MRS. KNIPP. Said I not well Mistress Pepys should be here!

PEPYS. Madam, Mistress Pepys is a woman.

KILLI. Wondrous.

MINGS. Winsome.

PEPYS (*Taking his seat*). A trifle Wayward.

(*All laugh.*)

(*MRS. KNIPP gives a little cry.*)

ALL. Eh?

MRS. KNIPP. (*picking up from MINGS'S plate the merrythought on which her eye has just fallen, and holding it up*). A merrythought. Who will pull this merrythought with me? Nay (*as they all lean forward*), 'tis an affair of two not four. (*They draw back simultaneously, eying each other sheepishly when MRS. KNIPP laughs at their confusion*). And our host hath first claim. (*Holds merrythought to PEPYS*). Wish!

PEPYS. What shall I wish who have my best wish granted already in your presence at my board?

MRS. KNIPP. Nay wish! Wish—wish that thy wife were here as well. 'Tis the seemliest wish that I can think on for thee.

PEPYS (*taking one end of the merrythought*). I know a more convenient. I'll wish her safe at Barnet!

(*All laugh.*)

MRS. KNIPP. Then (*laughing*) I'll e'en wish her here.

(They snap merrrythought, the short piece falling to PEPYS.)

So. Why, 'tis as should be.

KILLI. }
MINGS. } The lady wins!

MRS. KNIPP. And I'll wager a carolus that Mistress Pepys be with us ere supper's done!

PEPYS. Nay. Nay.

MRS. KNIPP. Ere supper's done!

PEPYS. I—I protest. (MRS. KNIPP *breaks in with another* "Ere supper's done!") These silly superstitions vex me mightily. Not that I put any faith in them. Not I. Eh? Oh! What's that? (*Starts almost from his seat as the door opens and MERCER enters* L.). Gad's wounds, wench, come not upon us in that sudden fashion! What—what is it? You would start the dead. What, what have you there, girl?

MERCER (*who carries PEPYS's new cloak—shrugging her shoulders*). 'Tis but some coat or habit which a boy hath now brought from the tailor's.

PEPYS (*in spite of himself*). My new cloak—my new cloak with the gold buttons.

(All murmur admiration).

PEPYS (*remembering himself*). Nay 'tis nothing. Just a cloak (*carelessly*). 'Tis copied from one the King wore in the Park of late, which did please myself and my wife somewhat.

(MINGS reaches for the claret jug and fills up the glasses.)

MERCER (*folding the cloak in such a way that its glories are not seen*). Shall I carry it to thy chamber, sir? (*She bundles it up irreverently, and is about to take it out of sight.*)

PEPYS (*hastily*). Nay, lay it on that chair.

(She takes it up to the arm-chair by the bookcase and lays it there, he seeing to it that it shall be shown to its greatest advantage. He stands L. of table admiring the

*cloak and trying to call his guests' attention to it with
"The cloak—'Tis beautiful—I think—the cloak."
Seeing, however, at length, that they are not taking any
notice of it, he turns sharply to MERCER.)*

PEPYS. We want more claret. More claret, girls;
go send Tom to the tavern for more claret.

*(MERCER goes L., and as the door closes is heard singing,
pointedly "Beauty Retire.")*

MRS. KNIPP. Beauty retires i' faith!

KILLI. Thy song! *(to PEPYS.)*

MINGS. Ay, and bravely the baggage sings it.

PEPYS *(with pride, withdrawing his eyes from the
cloak on which they have been feasting).* I myself did
teach it to her—which *(chuckling to himself)* which
did not greatly please my wife, and cost me to her, for
a peace offering, a pair of silk stockings finely wrought
and a dozen pairs of jessamy gloves. Much money—
overmuch.

MINGS. The forfeits go not all to the Poore's box?

PEPYS. My wife hath her own poore's box too. Eh,
sirs, these wives!

MRS. KNIPP. Eh, sirs, these husbands!

*(ALL fall to laughing, PEPYS catches KNIPP'S hand
and kisses it. MINGS secures her other hand and
breaks into song—)*

MINGS. "Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together—"

MRS. KNIPP. A song! A song!

PEPYS. Ay, a song.

MINGS. Nay 'tis but a stave I know—moreover
without pipe or viol I should speedily lose soundings.

(PEPYS rises from the table, and runs round to spinet.)

PEPYS. Nay, as for that, let me consider—how goes
it? *(Plays a few chords.)* Ah, I have it, I have it.

MINGS *(throwing himself back in his chair and
stretching out his legs in front of him).* Then for my

greater encouragement give me the chorus, and, I pray you, bawl it lustily. (*Sings—*)

“Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.”

ALL. “With a fal lal lal lal,” etc. (*Chorus loud.*)

PEPYS (*At the spinet sings.*)

“Time shall moul’t away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.”

ALL. “With a fal lal la,” etc. (*Chorus softly.*)

MRS. KNIPP (*sings.*)

“Had it any been but she
And that very face,
There had been at least, ere this,
(*Pointing across at PEPYS.*)
A dozen in her place.

With a fal lal lal,” etc. (*Chorus loud.*)

(MRS. KNIPP, *leading the chorus, holds up her skirts discreetly and draws round in front of the table where, as she sings, she executes a pas seul to the delight of the others who watch her.*)

MRS. K.	}	(<i>Leading the chorus.</i>) “With a fal lal lal.”
PEPYS.		(<i>At the spinet playing quicker.</i>) “With a fal lal lal.”
KILLI.		(<i>Loudly.</i>) “With a fal lal lal.”
MINGS.		“With a fal lal lal.”
MRS. K.		(<i>Dancing.</i>) “With a fal lal lal.”

(*The air quickens and quickens till it becomes a jig. Louder, louder, quicker, quicker! MRS. KNIPP is a-fling, every foot a-jog, every head a-swing, when the door is flung open and MERCER enters, breathless L.*)

MERCER (c) The Mistress! The Mistress!

(ALL start. MRS. KNIPP, with one foot in the air, slowly brings it down, pursing her lips demurely).

PEPYS (starting from the spinet). What!

MERCER. She is returning—hath returned.

PEPYS. Lord send it be not true! (Coming over c. to MERCER). Returning! What, girl, what?

MERCER. 'Tis true enough. (Enjoying the situation). She's almost at the door. Tom, returning with the claret from the tavern, spied the coach at the corner by Barking Church—

(She runs to the window and looks out R. C.)

MRS. KNIPP (laughing at PEPYS's alarm). Then I have won my wager! (PEPYS is standing R. of her and just below her. She catches his left arm and swings him round to L. of her.) Never yet have I known a merrythought to fail.

PEPYS (beside himself.) Prate not of merrythoughts and wagers. I am undone—undone!

MRS. KNIPP (catching his arm again). Is she so jealous? Yet not, I trust, "sudden and quick in quarrel."

(KILLIGREW and MINGS steal over L.)

PEPYS (distracted, running to and fro). How sudden and how quick, you will speedily enough discover. Unhappy chance! Oh miserable day! (As MRS. KNIPP shrieks with uncontrollable laughter.) Oh. Laugh! laugh! A murrain on your laughter. (With decision, suddenly halting before MRS. K.) You must conceal yourself—'tis very certain my wife must not see you here. You must hide.

MRS. KNIPP. 'Tis also very certain she would discover my hiding-place at once. Lord, to see how easily men think to fool a woman! Let me think. Fie, fie, Sir Christopher (to MINGS who has been fur-

tively collecting his gloves and sword.) Flight ere the action has begun?

MINGS. Nay, I do but protest—(*looking at Killigrew, who is edging towards the door*). Methought—er—Sir William—

KILLIGREW. In a domestic broil—

PEPYS (*frantically*). Gentlemen, I do beseech you let not my wife discover me alone with Mistress Knipp. If my wife should see you, Madam—

(MRS. KNIPP, *pretending to faint, falls into his arms. Her eye as he sways her round falls on the wig and cloak.*)

MRS. KNIPP (*springing to her feet*). She shall see ne—and to some purpose.

MINGS.	} (<i>together</i>)	Gad's life!
KILLI.		See you?
PEPYS.		Are you mad, madam?

(*She turns to them all, her back to the audience, her hands above her head.*)

MRS. KNIPP (*speaking rapidly*). Peace, all of you, and listen to me. (*She crosses quickly over to the side-board R. and picking up a cork holds it in the flame of one of the candles.* Beauty (*to MERCER*), I need thy help. Pin up my skirts.

MERCER (*smiles with quick understanding*). Ay, Madam.

MRS. KNIPP. Up with my skirts.

(MERCER *chuckling to herself obeys*.)

PEPYS. What, Madam—oh, no, no!

MRS. KNIPP (*singeing the cork in the candle*). Now hear me, the rest of you. Clear the table.

MINGS. What in Heaven's name—?

KILLIGREW. Clear the table!

PEPYS. Why?

MRS. KNIPP (*stamping her foot*). Gape not like country clowns. Clear the table, I say.

PEPYS. But why, Madam?

MRS. KNIPP. Nay, question not. *Do!*

KILLIGREW. Best mark her.

*(Bewildered, they obey her, while she, retiring u
MERCER behind the screen, gives her face a hurr
make-up.)*

MINGS. The glasses. The glasses.

PEPYS *(torn between his fear of discovery and his a
iety for his property)*. The glasses, the glasses!
have a care, gentlemen, have a care!

(They take the glasses, etc., hurriedly to the sideboard)

MINGS. Here—the capon! *(He looks about for so
where to hide it.)* What shall we do with the capon

PEPYS. We'll thrust that beneath the table. *(
takes the dish from MINGS and goes down on his ha
and knees)*.

MINGS. *(struggling with PEPYS to regain it)*. N
'twill be seen.

PEPYS. It will not be seen, sir.

MINGS. It *will* be seen, sir.

PEPYS. Well, where would you have it, sir?

MINGS. The espinet. *(He makes for the spinet
begins to open it.)*

PEPYS *(frantically)*. Nay, my new espinet, my
espinet!

KILLI. *(at the table)*. Here. Put all together.
together in the cloth.

PEPYS. What?

KILLI. All together.

*(MINGS puts the capon back on the table, and he
KILLIGREW make a pile of all the dishes, gathering
up in the cloth as in a hammock.)*

PEPYS. Care, gentlemen, care. My plates,
dishes. *(He fusses round)*. Oh, care, care!

MINGS *(at one end of the cloth)*. Where now?

KILLI. (*at the other*). Ay, where?

MINGS. The chimney. (*They make for the fireplace.*)

PEPYS (*following them*). No. No. My best damask cloth. My best damask, it cost me forty shillings. Let me think. Let me think.

KILLIGREW. Then where?

MINGS. I have it. In the chest beneath the window.

(*They carry the cloth over to the window—PEPYS wildly protesting. Softly, softly. Have a care I pray you—and opening the lid of the window-seat drop all in with a crash.*)

PEPYS. My plates, my dishes!

(*After shutting down the top of the seat the three stand by the window R. C. uncertain what to do.*)

MINGS. We've cleared the decks for action. What next?

MRS. KNIPP (*from behind the screen*). What next! Lord! Pens, ink, books, papers. Strew the table! Papers, pens, books.

(*They cross to writing table L. in single file. PEPYS hands things to MINGS who hands to KILLIGREW who places them on the table.*)

MINGS. Ah, pens and paper.

KILLI. The ink there.

MINGS. Nay, strew them more—so.

PEPYS. Have you enough? Though what she means Heaven knows!

(*While they are carrying out her directions she has been continuing her occupation at the mirror. She has hitched up her long skirt, wrapped PEPYS' new cloak round her, whisked on his periwig and hat, and now with his Malacca cane under her arm and pulling on his gauntlet gloves, she emerges to their astonished view from behind the screen which has concealed her.*)

MRS. KNIPP. (*in the harsh voice of Charles.*) Odsfish, gentlemen, how plaguily these affairs of State do weary us!

ALL. THE KING!

(PEPYS *mops his brow.*)

MRS. KNIPP. (*laughing, and in her natural voice.*) His Majesty appears somewhat to have disconcerted his loyal subjects.

(*She gives PEPYS a dig in the ribs with his own cane.*)

MINGS. A burnt cork, a trick of speech, a——

PEPYS. —a woman. Did I not well to drink to woman!

(*There is a sound outside.*)

MRS. KNIPP. Hist! I hear Mistress Pepys upon the stair. (*To MERCER.*) Beauty, get thee below. Plead business—affairs of State. Thy woman's wit I trow will find pretext to delay the lady.

MERCER. Ay, madam. Trust me.

(*Exit.*)

MRS. KNIPP. Draw up yon screen.

(PEPYS and KILLIGREW go up and bring the screen down

C. MRS. KNIPP sees that her cloak hangs on it.)

MRS. KNIPP. My cloak!

(*They see MRS. KNIPP's cloak.*)

MINGS. Mistress Knipp's cloak?

PEPYS. In the chest with the capon.

KILLI. Yes, in with the capon. (*He throws it to MINGS who opens the window seat and flings it in with the rest.*)

MRS. KNIPP. Oh, Lord, my best cloak! Blow out a candle or two. (*They do so, the light growing dimmer.*) Now to your places. Take your cue from me.

(Mrs. PEPYS, *fuming, heard off.* "Affairs of State!")

Lie royally an you lie at all, baggage!" *The door is flung open and MRS. PEPYS enters rating MERCER who is still outside.)*

(**MRS. KNIPP**—Charles—*her head on her hand, her elbow on the table, sits on the right of the table; KILLIGREW stands just behind her chair, a little to the right of her. To the right of him is MINGS. On the left hand side of the table PEPYS.*)

MRS. PEPYS (*as she comes in*). As well tell me the King would quit Nell Gwynne to plague himself with business out of hours. Affairs of State! (*As she speaks she comes round the screen and catches sight of the group. The words die on her lips, as gasping faintly, "The King!" she sinks to her knees in dismay* L. c.)

MRS. KNIPP (*assuming CHARLES'S voice*). 'Od's life, gentlemen. How unerring is a woman's intuition!

MRS. PEPYS (*almost collapsing in the deep confusion of her obeisance*). Sire, I knew not—I——

(**MERCER enters, smiling as she sees "the King."**)

PEPYS. (*rising from his chair. Severely*). Thou knewest not? What? Must thou be told the place and hour each time it pleaseth the King to summon a Privy Council? Down on thy knees, woman, and crave His Majesty's pardon for thy most unwarrantable interruption.

MRS. KNIPP (*rising—MINGS rising also*). Nay, kneel not, Madam, most willingly do we pardon so beautiful a penitent.

PEPYS. I' faith, 'tis more than she deserves, (**MINGS, his hand over his mouth, is doing his best to keep his countenance**), but at least she shall hinder your Majesty's business no longer. Wherefore, get thee to bed, Elizabeth.

(**MINGS in spite of himself gives a little chuckle, MRS K. digs**

him in the ribs—thereby nearly causing him to explode. MRS. PEPYS rises and moves in front of table to down R., facing MRS KNIPP).

MRS. PEPYS. (*making a deep courtesy and preparing to obey*). May God save the King!

MRS. KNIPP (*gravely with bent head*). May He indeed save the sinner whom you call King.

(*Chimes are heard, followed by the striking of a clock—11.*)

MRS. KNIPP. Come, gentlemen, the hour is late, and Mistress PEPYS's beauty-sleep a commodity not to be taxed. Gentlemen, to my coach.

(*She turns, bows, and, the men drawing up on each side of her to make a passage, takes her way out through them, swinging her cane. As she passes PEPYS she puts her hand to her mouth and gives a mock-manly cough. MINGS and KILLIGREW then follow, leaving MRS. PEPYS—who is overwhelmed—and MERCER, who is struggling with her merriment, making deep obeisance. PEPYS turns at the door, but catching MERCER'S eye exits hurriedly.*)

(*MRS. PEPYS gets up from her knees.*)

MRS. PEPYS (*nervously*). I would I had not returned—'twill anger my husband. (*Turning with frenzy on MERCER.*) What mean you, jade, by concealing from me the presence of His Majesty in the house.

MERCER. Nay, madam, you would scarce let me speak. Besides I knew not of it—that is—I mean—(*She goes up to window R. C.*)

MRS. PEPYS. God o' Mercy! (*PEPYS appears at the door. He pauses, then crosses down C.*) The King methinks must be brain-sick to summon a Privy Council at so jack-a-pudding an hour.

(*She turns and, seeing her husband, hangs her head.*)

(PEPYS, *having paused, now comes down c.*)

PEPYS (*simulating anger*). Yet not so brain-sick I'll warrant, that he will readily forget the lack of reverence for his sacred person beneath my roof! And now, madam, how comes it—(*to MERCER, who has come down from the window and is capering about behind MRS. PEPYS in keen enjoyment of the situation*). Get thee to bed, girl; 'tis not seemly that thou should'st stand by and hear thy mistress admonished.

MERCER. Oh! sir, I do protest——

PEPYS. Begone, I say, baggage.

MERCER. Oh!

(*Exit MERCER R. hurriedly but still smiling to herself.*)

(*PEPYS turns again to his wife.*)

PEPYS. So, Madam, 'tis doubtless another cast shoe which has brought you back in such unseemly haste to disturb his Majesty's Privy Council.

MRS. PEPYS (*coming to him humbly c., and placing her hands on his shoulder*) By the holy rood I swear to you, Samuel, that the last person in the realm I looked to find here was the King.

PEPYS. I' faith I can well believe that—I too was somewhat disconcerted by the suddenness of his appearance. Yet I'll warrant 'twould have surprised thee even more, Elizabeth, to have found me alone.

MRS. PEPYS. Alas 'tis true enough! For when thou art not under my wifely eye, Samuel, I do confess that I mistrust thee.

PEPYS. Then let this occasion be a lesson to you, Bess (*he kisses her on the forehead*). But 'tis nearing midnight, and so too late—with horses casting shoes—to set forth a second time for Barnet. (*He crosses to the door R. and opens it for her*). To-morrow I'll go with you. Meantime I think 'twere best you followed MERCER to bed.

MRS. PEPYS. (*wearily but contentedly*). Indeed I think so too.

(She goes to the door which he holds open for her. There, as he bows low to her, she pauses for a moment, giving him for a heart's-beat the same speculative look as that with which she had met him on his first entrance; then sighing softly and not unhappily she leaves him. Left alone, PEPYS, having shut the door, looks about him at the scene of his late adventure. His face breaks into smiles which gradually wreath it in pleasant wrinkles. Then, humming the chorus of the song which his wife's entrance had interrupted, he fetches the Diary. He seats himself at the table and writes—reading aloud as he does so.)

PEPYS. "Fourth of May. Spent a merry evening. Mistress Knipp in a man's part—the most natural that ever I think I did see in my life. My wife, poor wretch, mightily deceived, for which God be thanked. And so to bed."

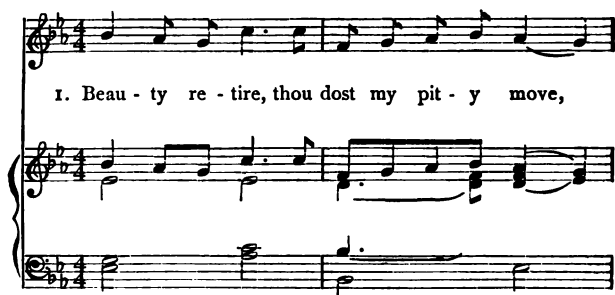
To the air, by the Orchestra, of the same significant chorus "With a fal lal lal, etc.," the Curtain falls.

"Beauty Retire."

(A PRIVY COUNCIL.)

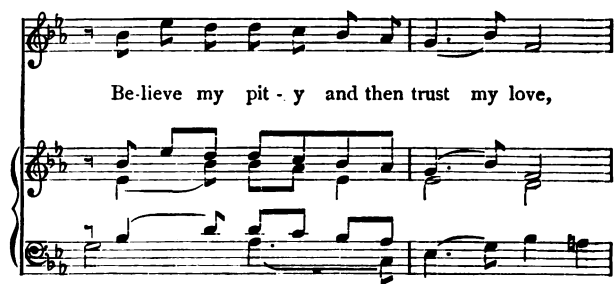
Words from "The Seige of Rhodes."

Music by Paul Graener.



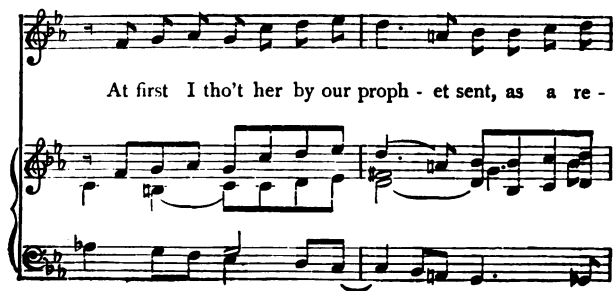
1. Beau - ty re - tire, thou dost my pit - y move,

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5, then a half note D5, and ends with a half note E5. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B-flat4, and a left hand with a half note G3 and a half note F3.



Be-lieve my pit - y and then trust my love,

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line starts with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B-flat4, and A4, then a half note G4, and ends with a half note F4. The piano accompaniment continues with a right hand of half note G4, quarter note A4, and half note B-flat4, and a left hand of half note G3 and half note F3.



At first I tho't her by our proph - et sent, as a re -

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line starts with a half note E4, followed by quarter notes D4, C4, and B3, then a half note A3, and ends with a half note G3. The piano accompaniment continues with a right hand of half note G4, quarter note A4, and half note B-flat4, and a left hand of half note G3 and half note F3.

ward for val - our's toils, More worth than

REFRAIN.

all my fa - ther's spoils.

"Out Upon It."

(A PRIVY COUNCIL.)

Words by Sir John Suckling.

Music by Paul Graener.

Allegretto.

f *p* Out up - on

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides harmonic support with chords. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking appears at the start of the second measure of the upper staff, which begins with the lyrics "Out up - on".

it I have loved three whole days together, And am like to

The second system continues the melody. The upper staff has a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F#5, and a half note G5. The lower staff continues with chords. The lyrics "it I have loved three whole days together, And am like to" are written below the staff.

love three more If it prove fair weather; With a

The third system continues the melody. The upper staff has a half note A5, a quarter note B5, a quarter note C6, and a half note D6. The lower staff continues with chords. The lyrics "love three more If it prove fair weather; With a" are written below the staff.

CHORUS.
fal, lal, lal, lal, la, etc.

The fourth system is marked "CHORUS." and begins with a half note E5, a quarter note F#5, a quarter note G5, and a half note A5. The lower staff continues with chords. The lyrics "fal, lal, lal, lal, la, etc." are written below the staff.

The fifth system continues the chorus melody. The upper staff has a half note B5, a quarter note C6, a quarter note D6, and a half note E6. The lower staff continues with chords.

The sixth system continues the chorus melody. The upper staff has a half note F#6, a quarter note G6, a quarter note A6, and a half note B6. The lower staff continues with chords.

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6. The fee must be paid prior to performance.

In the case of *French v. Dye*, heard at the Camberwell County Court, the defendant contended that he had tendered the fee after the performance, but that the plaintiff had refused to accept it. The Judge said that the law clearly stated that consent in writing of the Author or Proprietor must be first had and obtained, and gave judgment for the plaintiff for the full penalty and costs.

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